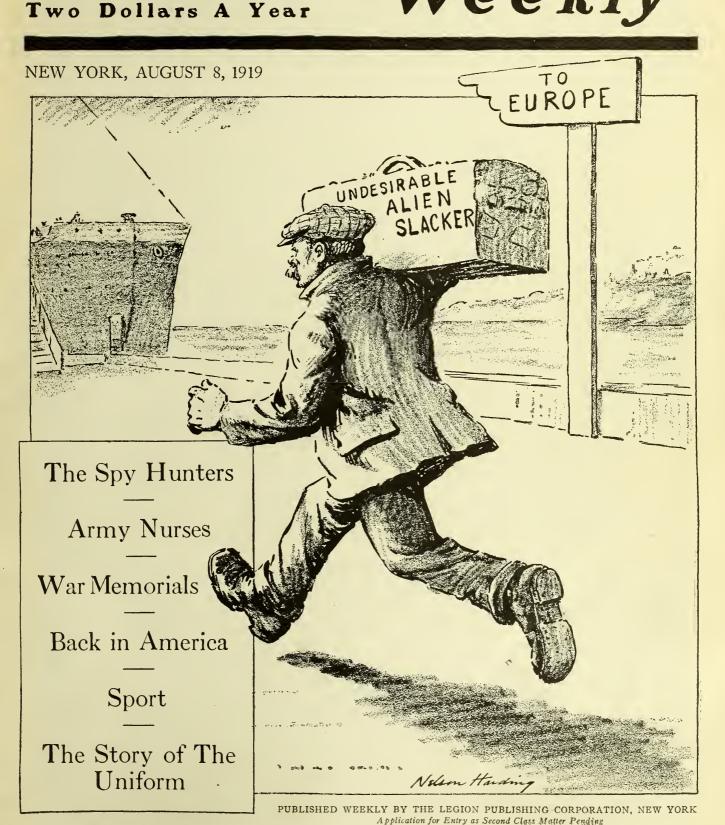
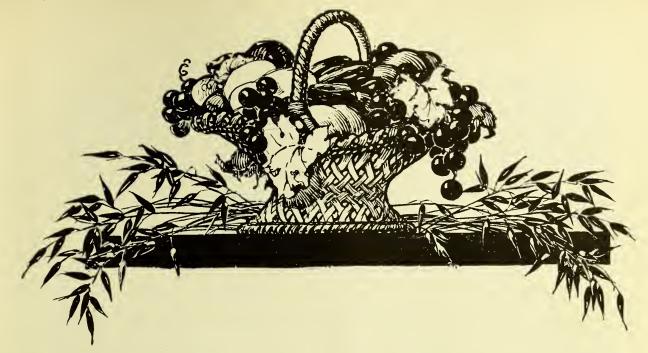
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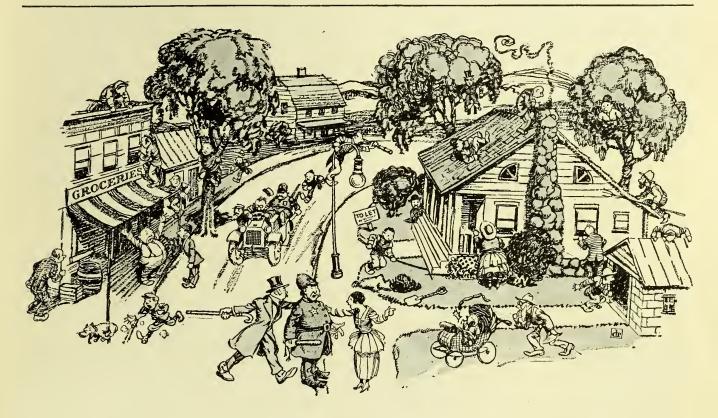
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Volume 1

NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1919

Number 6



# The Spy Hunters

A Popular Wartime Pastime

"I SN'T it possible that canned peas stand for transports and that carrots indicate the number of men they carry?"

The lady who asked this question was the victim of a nervous disease which disturbed intelligence officers more than it did neurologists in those days when the A. E. F. was getting shot up and the transport service was carrying replacements over and bringing the wounded back.

This disease prevailed in almost every vale and hamlet in the United States, and while, undoubtedly, it was a good thing for the country, it drove intelligence officers dippier than their shell-shocked brothers and caused the establishment in most of their offices of the "Nut Reception Room," a place where these visitors waited pending the relation of their stories. Their trouble was diagnosed as spy mania and it furnished the psychological motif for such questions as the foregoing.

#### By GEORGE S. WHEAT

Almost every one not actually at the front had a pet spy-a German or Austrian or just plain foreigner, who served the potatoes in a suspicious manner if he happened to be a waiter, or who coughed with a mysterious wheeze if he chanced to have tuberculosis. Add to the alarm occasioned by such subtle manifestations, a good literary background of ripper murders, Nick Carter's and Sherlock Holmes' yarns and sprinkle in a dash of international political intrigue as it is described in stories of those tiny, mythical kingdoms, usually called Moonshinevania, and the result is a fairly active spy hunter.

To revert to the lady who opened this story. On her forty-seventh trip to one of the numerous intelligence offices in New York, she said:

"This German-looking woman lives

next door to me and she is certainly German looking. Highly Teuton, I should say. I obtained her name with difficulty. I tiptoed to her door and pulled a letter out from under it, which the postman had just left. It was addressed to Mrs. John Schwartz. And to show you how cute she was, how clever, she was behind the door and opened it. I dropped the letter, as it had accomplished my purpose, but do you know she had the nerve, the nerve, I say, to glare at me. Fancy anybody named Schwartz glaring at me, a descendant of a family connection of President James Monroe.

"BUT I follow her just the same and she trades with a German grocer, too. I think that's significant, don't you? Yesterday she bought three cans of peas—French peas at that. French peas. Huh. She knows I'm watching her and she bought the French kind just to throw me off the

scent. Probably she dashed them into the sink the minute she got home and sang the Deutschland über Alles while doing it. She also bought four carrots, and I think she looked shyly at the grocer as she paid him. Yesterday was Thursday. Isn't it possible that canned peas stand for transports and that the carrots indicate the number of men they carry, or some thing like that? If you could tell me just how many transports sailed on Thursday — oh, I'd keep it strictly confidential—it would give me something definite to work on."

One thing about these spy hunters was their persistence! They were never discouraged. Soon after war had been declared, an elderly woman wanted to see the commanding officer and the commanding officer only of one of the agencies. She was admitted to him.

"I want to relate a strange story," she began. "The janitress of my house is a German woman and she has a trifling husband. He had not worked for many months previous to our entry into the war. But the very night of the day war was declared he began going out. I watched him leave his flat in the basement and was surprised, for usually he went to bed early. He returned about seven o'clock the next morning. He has been doing this constantly. My nephew and I followed him one night and he went to Hoboken where all those Germans live. I have been to the police and they will do nothing. I demand protection. Who knows but what those very bombs that they are placing on ships may be made in the basement of my apartment."

THIS story sounded suspicious then. Remember General Pershing's first transports were about to start to France. Nobody wanted to take a chance. Three men went out on the case. They came back smiling. A few days later the informant, still fearful of her life, came to know why no report had been sent to her. She was told the result of the investigation: true enough, the janitress' husband was trifling. He lived off her scanty wages and refused to work. It so happened that she declared war on him the very day we declared war on the Kaiser.

"Get a job or don't come back," she told him.

He got a job in a garage at Hoboken.

"How was I to know about his family quarrels," said the woman who originally lodged the information. And she wasn't a bit discouraged. She made about two hundred such reports during the course of the war.

A great many persons thought they knew where the bombs were being

made which Franz Rintelen and his gang attempted to place on Allied ships, and even after Rintelen's imprisonment stories of bands of marine dynamiters were commonplace.

"I must see the head man at once. It is most important. Lives are hanging in the balance." That's the way in which a nervous fidgety little man entered an intelligence office late one afternoon. Nobody but the "head man" would do either and in the "head man's" office he had the confidential stenographer shooed out. Then in a tense whisper he confided:

"Germans are making bombs in the apartment under mine." Then he sat back and watched the effect. The in-



telligence officer didn't seem to be sufficiently astonished because he was coming to recognize the "S. M." when he saw one, and this one had all the ear marks.

"I AM a chemist; a graduate of the University of London and I know the smell of sulphuric and other dangerous acids when I smell them," he continued. "These odors come up the air shaft from the apartment below, which is tenanted by Germans, into my apartment quite frequently. And I hear tinkering with metals in the kitchen below."

The intelligence officer did sit up and take notice then. Here was a chemist and he ought to know the odors.

The "head man" availed himself of the chemist's offer and sent men to install dictagraphs in the German apartment. Another man found out from the owners, not the agents, of the building that a German woman did live in the apartment in question. The dictagraph was installed and listening in began. The chemist was right, German was spoken for the most part and there was mysterious talks of "recipes." Quite naturally they would not talk of acids, the agents thought. The second day of listening in brought the climax. A large number of persons came into the suspect apartment. Mostly they were women and they talked a lot about cooking and other subjects supposed to be of particularly feminine interest.

The chief operative on the case telephoned madly for help. What could be cleverer than to have a lot of "silly women," as he called them, in the front room talking nonsense, while the bombs were being made. Then, too, the smells were coming up the airshaft for the first time since the shadowing began. Reinforcements were sent in charge of an officer. There was a hurried consultation and it was thought best to apprehend every one in the apartment for questioning. First, the house was surrounded and then the officer and two men banged on the hall door. As it was being opened by a young girl the officials heard a voice saying with a rich German accent:

"First, two koops of flour; den fife teaspoonsful of sugar——"

A COOKING school had been captured and the odors that went up the airshaft to the chemist's apartment were—? Well, student cooks are capable of anything! After that the chemist frequented another intelligence office.

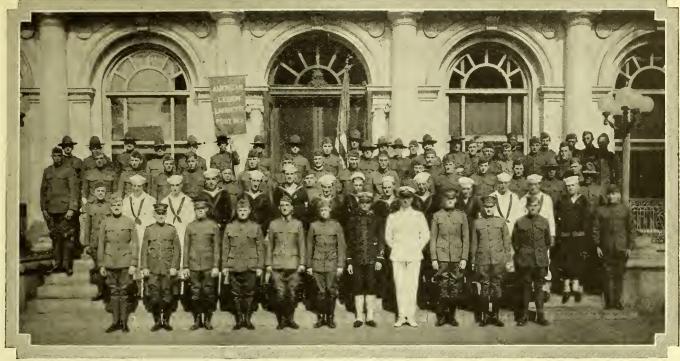
Spy hunters didn't always come croppers. Their stories didn't always flivver. They were responsible for the internment of some of the notorious propagandists who worked in behalf of the Imperial German government. They furnished thousands of keen eyes to our intelligence agencies and gave a great deal of help; nor were they always the ones who made humorous blunders.

At one time during the war there were persistent stories of adventuresses in German pay who frequented hotels, cabarets and other pleasure resorts in Broadway, New York. Their aim, according to report, was to intoxicate young army and navy officers and get from them military secrets.

As a consequence of this report an investigation was ordered from Washington and a "Broadway squad" hurriedly was formed to make it. Included in its personnel was a young police officer who had been stationed in the Tenderloin, and it wasn't long before he had the entire service by the ears. He had found a suspect's mail, a player piano roll addressed to a house with a Teutonic name in Buenos Aires.

(Continued on Page 25)

August 8, 1919



Steenson & Van Vlack

Lafayette Post, No. 37, of Poughkeepsie, is gaining membership daily

# Bringing Legion Ideals to Earth

LMOST all the newspapers and magazines which have printed editorial comment on The American Legion have, without exception, stressed the observation that this new national organization for 4,800,000 American veterans of the Great War is destined for a high place in the life of the nation if it keeps faith with its ideals.

Now ideals, however splendid, are often subject to this criticism — they are so high that those who seek to follow them are liable to get a stiff neck from long-continued looking straight upward toward the sky. It is difficult to keep your eyes on such ideals and to keep your feet on the road at the same time.

The founders of The American Legion, meeting at the Paris and St. Louis caucuses in March and May, respectively, were not dreamers who conceived of five millions ex-service men groping their way through peaceful pursuits with their attention focussed on ideals floating high in the clouds. They knew that The American Legion to succeed must be a feet-on-the-ground movement enlisting men who looked one another and the purposes of their organization squarely in the face. So in the national constitution, which is to be ratified and confirmed at Minneapolis on American Legion Day, November 11, they incorporated ideals which, though admittedly high and attainable only through great effort, are, This is the first of two articles showing how the ideals of The American Legion can be practiced in every-day life. The second article will appear in an early issue.

at the same time, easily brought down to earth and anchored in the fundamentals of American life which every sensible citizen understands.

THE AMERICAN LEGION is not advancing according to a dream chart. It has a definite objective. To any new member who desires to know in what direction he is traveling now that he has fallen in line, the Legion says: "Read my constitution." In the preamble he finds that "For God and Country," veterans who wear the Legion's emblem have associated themselves for the following purposes:

To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America.

In these dozen words attention is called to a document which needs advertising in a time when the daily newspapers and magazines are filled with reports of debates on the League of Nations. Probably not many national service men have read since high school days those few pages in any American history which begin: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and

secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Without the paragraphs which follow this preamble, however, there would be no organized government in this country; Congress would have no power to raise and support armies or to provide and maintain a navy; and America would have had no procedure for entering the war against Germany. In fact, without the National Constitution which brought together thirteen colonies in one Union, there might have been no United States for which to fight in the Great War. This basic foundation of American life by virtue of which the privileges of American citizenship are guaranteed to Americans throughout the world, is taken for granted by the millions who participate in its benefits and protection.

YET this same Constitution has been attacked from without by the Huns and is being attacked from within by followers of the red flag. The American Legion is pledged to uphold and defend the plan of government for which fifty thousand Americans gave their lives in France.

To maintain Law and Order.

Without law and order there can be no real civilization, no development of industry, no system of education, none of the other agencies of good govern-

(Continued on Page 27)

# Soldiers of Mercy War Was No Bright Pageant for Army Nurses

NURSE'S memories of work in France are somewhat confused and vague when it comes to setting them down in order. A day or two of comparative idleness would be followed by several days and nights of ceaseless, grim, labor; in the latter case one had no time to gather impressions, and in the former case one had no desire to recall them. Some things, however, remain indelibly on the nurse's mind.

"We never knew how great the American boy could be until we met him as a doughboy in France," is the freshest and most vivid memory of

"No matter where we found those boys of ours, in Paris, in hospitals, on country roads or railroad trains, they always wanted to talk. First they would look us over very carefully and coolly for four or five minutes, sizing us up. Then when they decided we were all right, they would dive into their pockets and bring out their most cherished possessions-pictures and letters mostly. Sometimes the picture would be of the best girl, or again of the mother, or of a brand new son or daughter. Anyway, we had to hear all about it.

"Everybody loves the doughboy, and the nurse loves him most of all. They were just little boys, and we mothered them all."

Wherever American wounded were, the nurses found their way. whine and crash of the heavies were no strange sounds to many of these women, whose duties lay not only in the reserve areas but often within range of the front lines. At Chalonssur-Marne nurses in the Hospital Militaire one day found that army life was

SAYS one of them, telling of it, "My aid and I had charge of thirty boys of the Rainbow Division who had dropped out of the march becaused of sprained ankles or knees, blistered feet, faces kicked by mules, and so forth. They were a very grouchy set of boys because they were going to miss the 'big show,' as their Division was on the way to the front. I got them cigarettes, chocolate, and all the books and magazines I could commandeer from the rather depleted stock of the Red Cross canteen in the village. The town baker yielded to my pleas and let me make some custard pies, and how the boys did eat them! Each one had a piece as big as my two hands.



Off for home! Nurses and doughboys exchange greetings at Brest

"This hospital was about thirty kilometres from the trenches. One evening at half past six a big shell burst close to our home, and we knew the big offensive was on. wounded, mostly French, were pouring in, first in small groups, then faster and faster, many of them in frightful shape. We turned to desperately and helped the Nursing Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul cut away the clothes and get the men ready for the operating room. The head surgeon asked me to be his assistant, and I was running another operating room in addition. All that night and all the next day we operated steadily. Never had I seen such wounds, for this was my first introduction to the 'grands blesses.' "In the middle of the turmoil came

word that the little field hospital near the front had been almost bombed to pieces and that our boys were coming back. The hard-pressed French gave us four barracks of twenty-five beds each, and we prepared for a new rush

"About noon of the same day the American wounded began to come and kept on coming in a steady khaki stream. Followed another night of



Scene of Edith Cavell's execution

operations, while the Boches sent over a big shell every seven minutes by my wrist watch. We got the worst cases and many of them died. Before they 'went west,' as the boys say, we made them as comfortable as a warm bath, fresh bedclothes, and clean pajamas could make them. And while we gave them hot drinks we talked to the ones who were conscious, trying to make things a little easier for them before they started on the long journey.

THIS nurse worked steadily for six days and nights with four and a half hours' rest, while her aid had eight hours' sleep in the same length of time. After a good rest in Paris they both started out again and this time were sent to Villers-Cotterets, arriving in time for the terrific push around Soissons. Their experiences were similar to those at Chalons, except that here the strain kept up for fifteen days instead of six. German airplanes "spotted" the hospital and attacked it.

"The planes came so low that the Germans turned their machine guns on us," says the nurse. "But fortunately the only tent that was sprayed with bullets was the pharmacy. forced us to move into the big chateau, where there were already some two thousand beds."

Nurses never knew what they were going to be up against when they were sent to a post. At Toul one nurse was taking care of the wounded from evacuation trains.

"Their torn, bleeding bodies lay for hours on the station platform," she relates. "All I could do for them was so little, giving cigarettes to one man, a pillow to another, a blanket to a third. I spent hours with a lad who had been shot through the tongue and couldn't speak. He had had nothing to eat for three days, and I poured spoonful after spoonful of hot chocolate down his swollen throat. His groping hand found mine and held it. He afterwards told me I had saved his life."

BACK in the seaports also the work was going on. Nurses were sent to Brest, Bordeaux, and other embarkation points to render a last service to the happy doughboys bound for home. Victrolas played to make the time seem less long. Cigarettes, matches, combs, pajamas, small pillows to tuck under amputations or to go behind tired backs were thought of and given. Toothbrushes, socks, soap, and all the hundred and one things

these youthful warriors might need on the voyage home was put aboard ship for their use.

Then again it was not always the doughboys that the nurses worked over. Sick "gobs" in the seaport hospitals received their full share, and even a number of Serbian students at Malabry experienced the care of the Red Cross. A nurse who has just returned tells of the hospital there for underfed Serbian students, continuing their studies under the watchful eye of the attendant doctor and nurses, who were fighting the dread enemy, tuberculosis.

For those who are still rather vague about the duties of an aid—the nurse's right-hand man—the following extract

one of these useful young people assigned to Red Cross Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly.

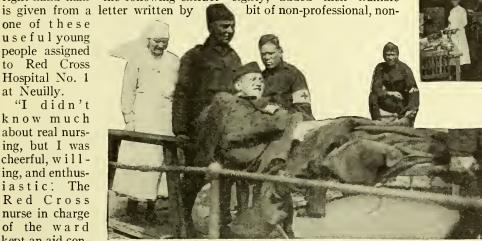
"I didn't know much about real nursing, but I was cheerful, willing, and enthusiastic: The Red Cross nurse in charge of the ward kept an aid constantly on duty

fracture cases, which meant that few could help themselves. So in addition to preparing the food, we often had to feed them by spoonful.

"In the afternoons we took temperatures and attempted in every way to make the men comfortable for the night. We bathed them, put fresh linen on the beds emptied by evacuating patients in time to receive new ones.

"Then, too, the new patients soon show signs of returning consciousness from the ether, with its resultant ef-

fects. Sometimes the already overworked orderlies were out and the aids took their places. Our band of aids, about eighty, added their humble



A nurse was always near



©American Red Cross
There was an occasional rest period

in the ward, which contained twelve beds, and another in the corridor, where ten beds had been made to catch the overflow. For five weeks we were receiving and evacuating to the bases wounded boys from Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, and Champagne.

"EACH morning at eight o'clock found us in our respective wards already to begin the day's work, which didn't always end at six. Every day we arranged beds, prepared the morning dressings, re-bandaged wounds, served the noon and evening meals. A great many of our patients were

experienced service to the splendid big work of surgeon and nurse who in the name of the Red Cross took our wonderful, broken boys from the fields, bathed and dressed them, fought the awful approach of tetanus, the slow poison of gangrene, reconstructed shattered bodies and minds, and laid them in clean sunny wards to rest and recuperate in mind, body, and spirit."

And the soldier—he ap-

"I would embarass you if I told you what I think of you," said a frank admirer to a nurse the other day.

"Oh, no," was her smiling reply, "you forget I've been in the Army, and soft talk means nothing to me."

To the American men in the heat and turmoil of the campaigns, the nurse stood for something precious, something distant, something well-nigh lost. She bore the trust of those women who couldn't go, and she kept the faith. Nursing thousands of sick and hurt boys did not decrease one

tiny bit the feeling of sympathy she had for her charges. To her, none of them were mere "cases," requiring professional ministrations. That was why her work could never become automatic, no matter how weary she might be and often was.

What it meant to hear an American voice and talk to an American woman in a French hospital, only the doughboy can tell. After struggling often for hours and sometimes days to explain to the attentive and half distracted French nurses and doctors that



Waiting for the wounded

he was perfectly comfortable and only wanted to sleep, or that he was "dying for a drink of water," and then to hear an American voice from the doorway, well, one fellow said it was the "most wonderful thing in the world." It outweighed even the good food and the good shows that the nurses

provided, and that is saying a good deal.

Army nurses did most of the actual nursing of the American soldiers. These nurses, who were regularly enlisted in the Medical Department of the Army, lived lives of military discipline and simplicity. Their status fulfills the technical requirements for eligibility to membership in the American Legion, and already their posts are springing up in the various towns, as for instance Detroit, where they have formed the Ragan-Lide Post, named after two nurses who gave their lives in the services.

The Army Nurse Corps was formed shortly after the Spanish War with 250 members. When the armistice was signed last autumn there were 22,000 nurses in the Corps, of whom 10,500 saw overseas service. To obtain this huge number of nurses quickly, many were drawn from the Red Cross and organized into the Army Nurse Corps Reserve. Such were the units sent over by many American hospitals; these were the nurses who worked close behind the front lines and many of whom gaves their lives in service. Some 8,000 of them have returned and are now being mustered out in army fashion at the Hotel Albert in New York.

## THE EDITORIAL PC.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS

#### Abuse of Soldiers

INVESTIGATION to the very bottom of abuse of American soldiers in Army prison camps must follow recent disclosures. a Lieutenant, one "Hardboiled" Smith, has been summarily dealt with, it is inconceivable that the matter end there. For every "hardboiled" junior officer there is a responsible senior, as we understand Army organization. Where there are abuses the responsibility falls equally on those higher up. The question of whether the responsible senior directly aided or abetted the abuses is beside the point, for if he did not know of them then there was a neglect of duty which amounts to complicity, or knowing of them and failing to take proper remedial measures, amounts to a condition of approval and direct complicity. Who that was in service has not had these military fundamentals preached to him?

If there have been abuses of soldiers in France, then let every fact be brought to light and every culpable person be brought to trial,

regardless of rank and station.

#### As the Legion Grows

It is interesting to watch the big organization map at National Headquarters as it changes from day to day. Two thousand local posts on the map already—with the number multiplying rapidly. Every state and territory in the Union represented. Reports coming in daily of enthusiastic Legion meetings held for organization purposes in every section of America. We know of no organization that has spread so spontaneously, that has been carried on with such enthusiasm. The American Legion as an immense factor in the social and economic life and development of America is established.

The import of all is inspiring. It is a true index to the character and the state of mind of the men who were in service. They choose to join an organization of their own creation and which expresses their ideals of service to America. Attempts have been made to rally service men on appeals to selfishness, to ignorance, prejudice, to the worst elements in human nature. But to no avail. Doubtless, those who attempted such things thought the rumblings and grumblings of cantonment and trench truly reflected the inner men. They have raised every standard from greed to

sedition but without rallying a response that would match a corporal's guard.

So the Legion map spreads from day to day. Every state return swells the number of posts and members. Every branch, every service, every rank and every file of what was the Army, Navy and Marine Corps in the greatest of wars is represented in the Legion.

The map at National Headquarters, read in conjunction with the temporary constitution of the American Legion, is the answer to the great question of six months ago—"What are the service men going to do when they return from service?"

#### Soldiers' Brides

MORE than 18,000 young women of France, England, Ireland and Scotland have come to our shores as citizens, as the brides of men who were in service. These girls in their own way are as brave as the men they married. Each left home to fare in a country whose manners and customs, ways of life and thought, are strange to them. In the case of the French girls they must learn a new language. Each community or neighborhood in which they are to reside should bid them welcome and accept them with a spirit of true hospitality, which embraces sympathy and understanding.

#### The Alien Slacker

THE alien slacker should be deported. The American Legion at its St. Louis caucus brought to the attention of the country an issue which is no less acute now that peace has been established. The alien who is not susceptible to the processes of National assimilation; who does not yield to the environment of unhampered democracy and freedom; whose inherent qualities of mind and temperament are such that his sympathies remained with a tyranny that threatened our very existence for a time—there is no place in America for such a creature.

He is worse than a parasite; he is a menace within. We must be rid of him now that circumstances have disclosed him. No incidental value he may have as an artisan can make up for the loss he entails as an undesirable "citizen." We must not forget the lessons of the war if we are to keep the new Americanism virile. Get rid of the alien slacker, not in a spirit of vengeance but in the interest of our own virility as a people, and for our own protection.

August 8, 1919

Science Kills Soldier Frills

The Army Uniform from Satin and Lace to Khaki and Tin Hat

**↑**HERE is little in the businesslike, simple uniform of the American soldier, now known the world over, to remind one of the buff and blue of revoluntionary days, the colorful, almost bizarre, garb of our soldiers in the War of 1812 and the Mexican conflict, or even of the "Yankee blue" of other wars.

The uniforms of the armies of the civilized world were inherited from the good old days when the male of the species dressed himself in laces and finery, bright colors and gay feathers, the period of which the costumes of the time of Louis XIV were the archtypes.

In those days men marched to battle with waving plumes on their velvet hats while their bodies were adorned with red, blue, yellow or green silk and satin uniforms. Their horses often were decorated in the same gay fashion and they made a brave picture as they charged with glistening swords and lances upon some enemy similarly decorated.

Compare that sort of battle scene with the American doughboy, clad in his earthen colored khaki, wearing an ugly "tin hat," advancing in skirmish formation—lying flat on his stomach, rising and in a stooping position running over muddy terrain a few steps and then, face to the ground again!

So times have changed all around. War, never precisely a pretty thing, has become more terrible, less spectacular and more drab as science and invention have increased.

In the early days of the Boer War military men and those interested in such affairs both inside and outside the belligerent countries sat up and took notice one morning at despatches which told of a curious and remarkable thing: British officers were being killed by the wholesale while the casualties among the enlisted men were comparatively few.

Later despatches told that the Boer sharpshooters were enabled to kill so many officers because of the gay dress they wore. The gold lace, the swords, fuss and feathers of the officers of the crack British regiments were visible for miles as the armies trekked over the plains of Natal.

THE British war office began to ponder. Somebody recalled that partridges, rabbits and other animals that owed their safety to the cover afforded by the earth flashed no brilliant hues as they scurried along. The notably the Seventh of New York.

result was the khaki uniform as the field dress of the British army. The result was the beginning of camouflage, that art which since has played such an important part in war.

The experience of the British taught the American army a thing or two and our general officers designed a uniform of khaki having in view serviceability, protection from the weather and comfort.

Military men often have wondered what the designers of the uniforms in bygone days had in view. Was it the picturesque, or just plain catering to the vanity of man?

Washington's armies, when they had uniforms, wore the familiar "continentals" of buff and blue or gray, but regiments from different states had for the most part uniforms of their own. The majority wore whatever clothes would protect them without regard for uniformity. One part of the American troops who received the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown were in uniform, but the most of them still wore rags of homespun.

The uniform for the period between 1802 and the War of 1812 reflects the style adopted by European armies at the time. The three-cornered cocked hat of the Revolution had been abandoned and the officers wore "chapeaux bras," while the enlisted men of the infantry and artillery wore round leather hats with bearskin crests, creating a very picturesque effect.

DURING the War of 1812 several types of uniform were worn by the American forces. There was little left to remind one of the revolutionary war. Instead of the long cutaway, enlisted men wore single-breasted, closebuttoned coats, with the skirts fashioned after the civilian dress coat of today. Facings disappeared and the collars became enormously high, rising to the tip of the ear. Hats were high, some infantry wearing headpieces much like those worn by the cabmen of the days just preceding the taxicab. The officers of the line and the men wore coats of the same form, but the trimming was white tape or silver lace.

The uniform of 1812, or at least some features of it, has prevailed within the memory of many persons alive today, and it exists now, very slightly changed, in the coats and cross belts of the dress uniforms of some of our national guard regiments,









Coats of the infantry and artillery were uniformly blue and were modified somewhat in shape by an order issued in 1813, the long tails being found inconvenient in the field and in fighting through wooded country and underbrush. The word "coatee" was coined for the new garment and the only trimming consisted of tape on the collar. The high hat was changed to the bell-crowned leather shako and worsted or leather pompoms replaced feathers. Foot troops wore modern trousers and overgaiters with the Jefferson shoe. At this time the buttons ceased to be flat and bore corps insignia, the light dragoons, however, retaining the flat buttons, which were silver-plated.

Distinction between dress and

field uniforms began to be made about the time of the War of 1812. The full dress consisted of the Hussar jacket and the skirt had a double plait in each fold. The collar and sleeves were worked with silver braid. The trousers were white cassimere or buckskin for parade and dark blue for service.

K NEE BREECHES sometimes were worn on social occasions, with yellow knee buckles instead of strings, yellow buckles in the shoes and a chapeau bras instead of the cap. The waist-coats were of white cloth in winter and of jean or nankeen in the summer. The enlisted men wore uniforms like their officers except that worsted was sub-

stituted for gold and silver. The infantry coat and cap differed from the artillery in the trimmings, which were white instead of yellow.

When the Mexican War began a distinctive campaign uniform was adopted. The flat, soft, forage cap came into prominence and the frock coat was worn by officers. Men and officers alike discarded cross belts but wore one body belt and a waist belt. The artillery wore jackets, which did not entirely disappear from the service until after the Civil War.

Wars have always exerted a considerable influence on uniforms. The gray coats and leather caps, with their pompoms, of the War of 1812, and the short jackets of the Mexican War have had a great influence on the uniforms of the National Guard and the West Point cadets until today.

The influence of the French victories in Italy was reflected in the Zouave dress that was fashionable when the Civil War began, and the dark blue blouse and sky blue trousers of our own service of that time fixed for years the fashion of State troops from one end of the country to the other.

After the Civil War it was some and time before the trappings which had aced been abandoned for field work were dern restored. In the 80's the uniform was Jefmuch as it was during the Spanish-tons American War, except that men and officers wore helmets much like those ever, of the London "bobby" today, instead were of the slouch felt campaign hats used in Cuba. The coats were dark blue and short frock coats and the trousers

able. Instead of trousers, breeches are worn with leggings or puttees. The woollen shirts are olive drab or khaki colored. The campaign hat for officers and men alike is wide brimmed and made of felt. The cord around the hat designates the branch of service for enlisted men, and all officers wear a black and gold cord.

In campaign uniform this and the bars on the shoulder are the only distinguishing marks between officers and men.

War always brings about changes in uniforms, and the changes which it causes are, of course, dependent upon the type of fighting and the nature of the country in which the campaign is fought. For instance, tin hats and gas masks form part of the field uniform

of both officers and men of the American forces today. That is because of the introduction of gas as a means of war and of trench fighting which brought about new phases of belligerency. The Sam Browne belt -part of the uniform of the A. E. F .- was thought to have its uses in that various necessary articles could be carried on it. The American officers of high rank never thoroughly approved of it for our men, but adopted it in France, because all the officers of our Allies had it, and it became the distinguishing mark for a commissioned man, necessary particularly when our regiments were brigaded with the French and British.

THE canvas leggin has also gone, replaced by the spiral puttee, which, it is considered, gives better protection from water, mud and dust, but which also takes longer to put on. Newspapers have recently reported that the next change in leg wear will be the abolition of the modern breeches and the return to long trousers.

Most of the alterations made in the United States uniform during the war were cases of following the lead set by the Allies. One of the most unusual and interesting of them is the system of divisional insignia, worn high on the left arm. These markings display all the gradations of imagination, humor and sense of the fitness of things which the army possessed. The skies, the weather, the animal kingdom, life and even death have been levied

(Continued on Page 28)

#### Over the Top!

Bart has gone over the top,
And he's probably gone to stay;
Still, it don't matter a lot,
For I guess 'twas the easiest way
For a man like Bart to snuff it
In the midst of this hellish fray.
Over the top in the gray of the dawn,
In a lull in the shrapnels' rain,
Into the land of the Great Beyond,
Where forgotton are hardship and pain;
Over the top—into action;
Over the top—with the best;
Over the top—into Heaven;
Over the top—to his rest.
—Anonymous.

light blue. Stripes on the trousers

denoted the branch of the service and, in the case of the officers, plumes on the helmets were used.

In the Spanish-American War the uniform consisted of a dark blue coat (shorter than the frock coat), blue flannel shirt and light blue trousers. Stripes on the trousers denoted the service—white for infantry, yellow for cavalry and red for artillery. It was not until after our last war that khaki and olive drab came into vogue, although the marines and a few infantry units tested it in the war with Spain. The light blue trousers and dark blue coats are still worn in garrison for semi-dress uniforms, but in the field olive drab is the color.

It is difficult to distinguish olive drab from a distance and it is service-



# Back in America

America, August 8, 1919. EAR JOE: Seems like you always only write to me after you been hitting the vin blink Maybe you don't realize you started both your letters like this: "Having taken aboard seveiral quarts of vin blinc I guess I'll write to you again." Now, Joe, I ain't picking on your letters, but when you do a thing you had ought to do it right, and so blinc should be blink and they is no i in several. I only tell you these things because your idea seems to be that if you ain't half lit you can't stand to write to me. If you wasn't half so lit you'd maybe spell better, so now I guess we're quits and no teeth lost in the affray, hey, Joe?

I been at work a week now. Hate to spring it on you like that without any barrage. I'm right back in the old shop, same job as I had when Congress got tired of Jerry's tricks back in the days when the world, meaning you and me, was young. I'll tell you about going back, 'count of their being a few funny things in it.

When I wrote you last I said I was going pronto to see about getting the old job, because I had loafed so long the bank account was getting spring halt and so I did. Not get spring halt, I mean but get the old job. Even at that, Joey, she came before I was right ready for her. One afternoon I was sitting in Turner's store sucking in ice cream soda through a straw and thinking sort of mournful of the days when drinks spoke with more authority and a fellow could drink more of them. It's a funny thing, but I ain't been able yet to take more than three of these darn soft drinks without having enough, and you know what three drinks was three years ago. Well, as I was sitting there, in walks Johnson, who used to be the big boss over to the shop.

"Hello, Pinney," he says, "I heared you come home but so far I have not had any visible proof of it. How are you?"

Letter No. 4 from a doughboy to his buddy in France. Walt has taken the fatal step. He has gone back to work at the old job.

"Good, Mr. Johnson," I says, "O. K.", and I come pretty near saluting from being so used to it.

"Coming back to work at the factory?" he asks sudden. He was always one to jump into a thing quick like.

"WHY, I guess I am," I says, not being sure what I wanted to say. "I been kinder sitting around waiting, it seems to me like I wanted to do mostly nothing for a while."

He nods his head and says, "That's the idea. Won't do you any harm to take it easy for a while. Only, unless you are hares of millionairs you got to get to work some day. Your job is still there. Let me know what you want to do."

And with that he marches out. Well, Joe, after I set there about ten minutes thinking it over I thinks to myself I'll show him I can be just as sudden as him and if I don't do it right away I'll be getting too old, so I gets up and hurries over to his office.

"Good," he says, when I tells him what I come for. "When do you want to begin?"

"Tomorrow morning," I says quick, before I could change, feeling at the same time like I was diving into ice water.

"Right," he says. "We've got another man in your place now, and he knows the ropes and the changes that have been made since you left. It'll be the best thing to leave him there with you for a few days just to help you catch on again. Tomorrow is Saturday; we'll leave him with you till Tuesday, and then move him somewheres else."

WITH that he turns back to his desk again like as if he had forgot me and everything. I told him thank you and walked out.

Jess was tickled, you bet. Said she thought I was all rested up now and it would be fine to have things back in the old way again, which is funny when you think that we was only married a few months before I went away. It's like a wife to talk that way. She says if I didn't go to work she would take the rolling pin to me, which it is real funny, Joe, when you know Jess, she being the kind that wouldn't use a rolling pin on a fly, even if it was biting her nose.

Well, Joe, on Saturday AM. I showed up at the shop. I won't tell you about the things there because you commercial guys is naturally ignorant about machinery, but I'll say the first day was fine. Things had changed some, but mostly it was fine just to be back in the old ways again. You will get me when you are back yourself. At lunch hour we all sat around in the shade and didn't talk no war talk, only just shop talk, and I went right home after five o'clock and told the wife it was O. K.

Then comes Sunday, with me still feeling fine, and catching so many fish I clean forgot I was to go to church with Jess, which she said sounded like a fish story to her.

But Monday morning a funny thing happens. It was fierce to wake up Monday and think I had to get up early and go to work, and nothing to look forward to till next Sunday but a week of work, all the same. I come near throwing the job right there, just count of the getting up. Seemed like it would be more in my line if I was to get a job in a bank, where they work from 9 to 3 or maybe 4 and it's nice work and pays good and has a chance to rise. But I got up anyway and goes down to the factory and it was raining and things was dirty and smelly and I hadn't caught on to all the ropes yet and by noon time I felt sure pop I would get a better job. No use working my head off, I says, for 40 a week when I can get more

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# Why I Back The Legion

By Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

THE American Legion is the spontaneous growth of the sentiments of the service men; its creed represents the thought of all; it is essentially a civilian organization; it is concerned primarily with the welfare of the United States and of its individual members. Among the thousands who aided in the early stages of its organization, there was absolute accord in the following principles:

First, the organization should be non-partisan, concerning itself possibly with policies, but never with partisan politics. Second, its membership should be composed of service men and women, regardless of whether they served overseas or were unfortunate enough to have their duty keep them in this country. Third, it should be really civilian and in its councils, general and private, admiral and gob would be treated on the same basis.

Through all of its actions, the doctrine of Americanism stands foremost. By it, the impulses of patriotism generated in the great war will be crystallized and preserved for the future good of the nation. Its fields of useful activity are bounded only by the desires of its members.

There has been much talk about the Bolsheviki, the I. W. W. and the Red Flag socialists. Many people have expressed fears concerning the attitude of our army or these menaces. There is no need for such fear. The strongest bulwark this country can have against lawless anarchy is this society com-

posed of service men. The service man, having given up himself to the country, intends to see that this country which he loves comes to no harm.

It has been the policy of the American Legion, wherever I have come in contact with it, to play the game with all the cards on the table. The service man will not tolerate any other form of organization. He wishes, at all times, to be able not only to tell anyone what he is doing, but equally to be able to find out anything that the organization, through some other branch, may be doing. To anyone who knows the American service man this is absolutely normal. He is square and will not associate himself with an organization unless it is square.

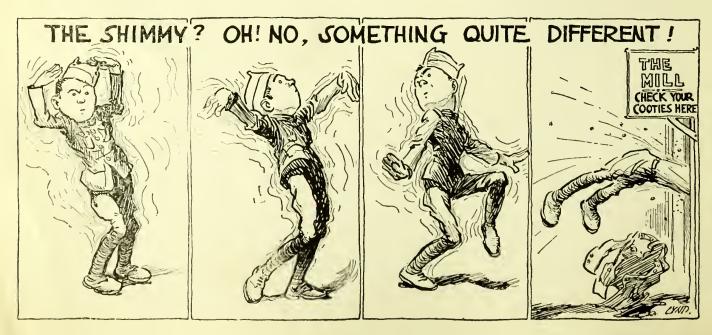
THE reason I urge all service men not only to join, but to take an active part in the affairs of this organization, is that through it they can express themselves. In its ranks they find the men who have done the same trick that they have done, and with whose ideas they are thoroughly in sympathy. They can make the organization what they wish, and I have no fear for anything that the organization may do so long as they take an active interest in it.

So far, I have spoken mainly of how the service man can use the organization for the benefit of this country. Of course, this benefits him, but there are other more practical methods of helping the service men which the organ-

ization is using, or may use if its members so desire. At this time, there is established a re-employment bureau. In addition, there is the War Risk Insurance Department for handling questions of allotments, insurance, etc. In many of the communities club houses are established which will form the meeting places where the thought of the community is interchanged and its opinions crystallized. In addition to these activities which have been organized already, it lies within the power of the Legion to institute a system of benefits for old age, disability, etc., and a legal department, whereby the best legal advice may be available. There would be men to undertake such work as detailed above, not from the point of view of the hired employee serving his employer, but rather from the point of view of one comrade helping another comrade.

The history of the actions of the American Legion is as clean as a hound's tooth. For all the statements I have made above there is a guarantee in the actions of the caucuses composed of men drawn from every State in the Union, of every creed and race, of every walk in life that you find in the country. In no uncertain terms the St. Louis Convention registered itself on the Bolsheviki; in the confession of faith adopted at the Paris Caucus the same principles are set forth.

As a member of the American Legion, I feel I am a member of the body which most truly represents one hundred per cent. Americanism.



# SPORT—Edited by Walter Trumbull

BOXING
By W. O. McGeehan

THE lads who have undertaken to find a "logical contender" for Jack Dempsey are having a rather tough time of it. Frank Moran, the sorrel-topped Pittsburgher has volunteered to be led to the slaughter for a reasonable consideration and some of the fourth-rate heavies who figure now that they can only die but once are willing. But nobody seems to be much "het up" over a match of this sort.

On the other side they are talking of a Carpentier-Joe Beckett match, the winner to be sacrificed to Dempsey. But this is only at the talking stage at present. Billy Roche, the old referee, who served with the Knights of Columbus in the A. E. F., declares that a lad named Toohoy, who knocked them all for a goal over there, would make a logical opponent for Dempsey. William puts it a little more forcibly. He says that Toohoy will knock Dempsey stiff.

In the meantime, Dempsey seems to be doing fairly well. He has signed a \$225,000 theatrical contract, which will keep him busy for quite some time. This is fair money when you take into consideration the fact that the U. S. Government got quite a number of real tough fighters for \$30 a month with the twenty per cent. increase for overseas' work. Also the Government's fighters had to do more than four rounds per day to get their money and they had plenty of road work in the bargain.

Dempsey is a nice young man and all that, but it hardly seems fair to a man on the fence that he should be called a champion fighter when he covered himself with oakum in a nearby shipyard while Uncle Sam was paging the nation for fighters. In a little while people will forget, perhaps, but right now they still remember that the names of our most promising pugilists were not on any battery, company or troop roster.

# TENNIS By William H. Wright

When the curtain falls on the lawn tennis tournament now in progress on the turf of the famous Casino courts at Newport, R. I., where so many historic matches have been played, followers of the sport will be able to tell whether the national championship of the United States is to be carried away to far Australia. Only twice in the history of the game have foreigners

been able to wrest the title from American defenders. In 1902 and 1903 the Doherty brothers carried to England the honors in both singles and doubles.

Now Australia has sent some powerful challengers, fresh from European conquests. Brooks, Patterson, Lycett and Thomas, who arrived in this country only a few days ago, hurried to Newport for their first tilt with the Americans. The results of the clash will give a line on what to expect in the

national championships later in the month. The struggle for supremacy may narrow down to two veterans of the war-R. Norris Williams for America Patterson, the Australian Star and Gerald Patterson for Australia. Both saw service in France as lieutenants of artillery. Although Williams wasbeatenat Longwood last week by William M. John-© Underwood ston, there are many

who believe Williams is the man to handle Patterson. Of all American players Williams is one of the few skilled at playing a rising ball and because of this he may be able to take the sting out of Patterson's terrific service.

The development of Patterson, who is only 23 years old, was arrested by the war. After winning the championship of New South Wales in 1914, he was mobilized for garrison duty in Australia. He later received a commission in the artillery and reached France in time for the Somme offensive of 1916. He saw much service on the western front, as well as in Italy. He earned the Military Cross at Messines.

Patterson began training for lawn tennis honors when he was 10 years old under the tutelage of his father. He did not confine himself to tennis alone, but took up swimming, track athletics and cricket. He made his first public appearance when he was 12 years old as a student at Melbourne College. In 1908 he won the All-Comers singles handicap, repeated his triumph the following year, and again in 1911 winning a trophy that had eluded many players. He was captain of his college cricket team and distinguished himself at football and high jumping.

#### RACING By G. F. T. Ryall

For every hundred good horses that carry silks there is hardly one good jockey who wears them. And fully as much depends on one as the other in a race. When thoroughbred racing came from under the cloud of adverse legislation half a dozen years ago there was a noticeable falling off in quality, but now there are every bit as good horses running as in the "good old days." It seems otherwise with the riders. There is no lack of money incentive, either, as a good jockey's income can run into the surtax class without the slightest trouble. But the breed seems different now to that long list of good ones, graduates of the balestick school of Father Bill Daly, among which Snapper Garrison and Willie Shaw stand out.

Of the old guard that rode with the Dugans, Miller, Shaw, Hildebrand, Notter, Redfern and Archbald few are in the saddle to-day, and of these only Willie Knapp, who is under contract to H. P. Whitney, keeps his grip at the top.

Johnny Loftus is nearer to those in point of skill than any other race rider. Certainly he is the most popular and has had the leg up on more winners of the classics than any of his fellows this season.

He has won the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, the Belmont and the Withers with Sir Barton; the Metropolitan and Empire City Handicaps with Lanius, the Toboggan with Billy Kelly, the Keene Memorial, the Youthful, the Hudson and the Tremont with Man O' War; the Stuyvesant with Purchase, as well as half a dozen lesser stakes with not such good horses.

Fairbrother, who had the leg up on Naturalist when he won the Excelsior, Long Beach and Carter Handicaps and Schuttinger, who rode Eternal in the Brooklyn Handicap this year, and Roamer, in his remarkable races last

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# WHAT kind of war monuments are we going to erect in the United States?

What general forms of art will the gratitude of this present age take? Will they be art? Will our memorials take the shape of de luxe tombstones adorned by bronze seventy-five mm. shells, copper hand grenades, concrete tin hats or imitation stone gas masks? Will they be art or stonemasonry or ironmongery; or plain Portland cement?

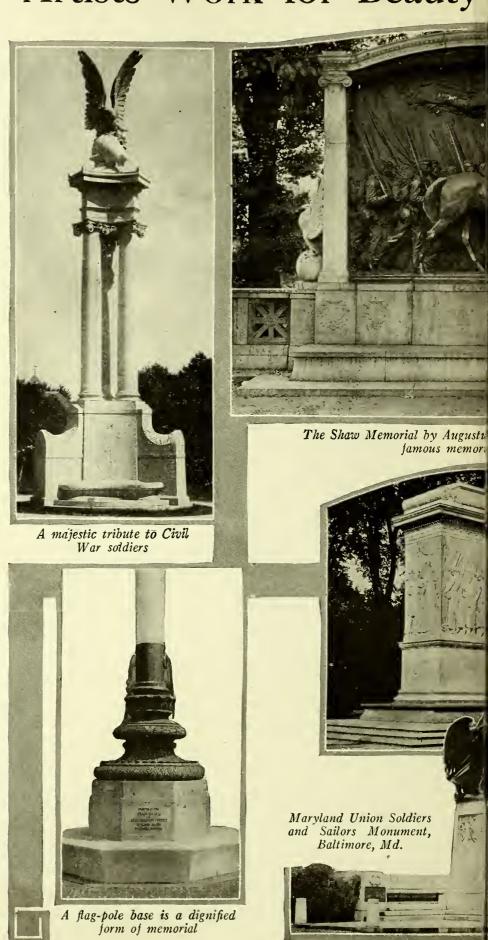
By what symbols will coming generations judge, not only our appreciation of those who risked their all to fight the great fight, but ourselves and our times as well? Will unimaginative, inartistic, commercial war monuments be scattered throughout the country telling only the dates of events like subtitles in a chapter of history, and picturing little more than the uniform of a doughboy?

Or, will the tributes we erect today give to coming peoples a true portrait of our times; depict the inspiration and righteousness of the cause for which our forces fought, and give a vivid idea of our progress in civilization and in the ways of our culture?

Thousands of American artists and art enthusiasts are clamorously answering the last question affirmatively. With equal vigor they are crying "no" to the two previous interrogations. Not only are they striving with their voices to avert a repetition of the tombstone type of monument which sprang up everywhere in America after our Civil War, but they are organizing and working faithfully to see to it that these outgrowths of the war which are to live longest after it shall be beautiful works of art, not only commemorating past deeds but transmitting inspiration for future ones as well.

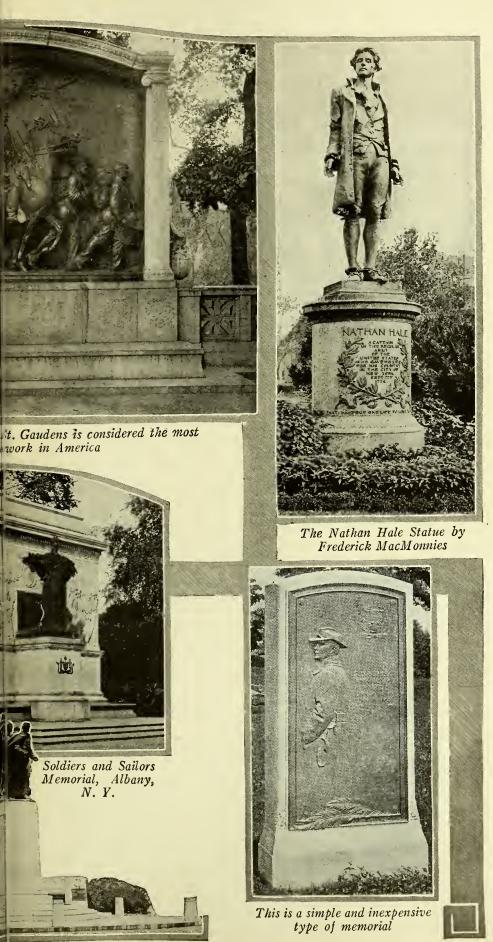
A LMOST every art league, club or association of artists in the country is beginning to take an active part in the campaign for good war memorials. It is estimated that nearly 50,000 societies, clubs, lodges, states, communities, counties and villages are considering the erection of a memorial of some sort to commemorate the part their men played in the war. The art societies are endeavoring to get in touch with them in order to advise them as to the kind and type of memorial to be erected. The utmost care is urged in the selection of the committee which is appointed to see that the memorial is erected. After the Civil War it was customary to appoint some general or colonel to the chairmanship of such a committee "because he knows soldiers and what they like." As one prominent sculptor pointed out, the general probably had been able to stop an enemy brigade at Gettysburg, but

# Artists Work for Beauty



National Sculpture Society

# in Great War Memorials



when it came to questions of art, he usually selected a tombstone of superheroic size, put a few cannon balls around it and a wooden looking soldier on top of it and let it go at that. As a result of such monuments, future generations may know the cut of the Civil War uniform and type of weapon used, but nothing of the inspiration with which these soldiers fought.

Compare with such a memorial the monument erected in City Hall Park in New York City to Nathan Hale. Even a photograph of it excites inspiration. The arms and legs are bound. The body is erect with chest thrown forward and the expression on his face is saying to all coming generations what he said just before his execution by the British: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Communities are urged when peculiar local conditions seem to make it desirable to combine the utilitarian with the artistic, but just how much care should be used in this connection is manifested by a monument in the public square of a village in one of the Atlantic states. It is dedicated to all Union soldiers who fell in the Civil War. Standing high upon an overornamented iron fountain is the figure of a federal soldier. He is standing "at ease," but the designer, perhaps fearful that this pose might incite the local inhabitants to a life of idleness, made the general effect of the monument one of exceeding discomfort by so arranging his position that the fountain constantly sprayed him. "Soldier in Shower Bath" was one title for the monument facetiously suggested not long ago by an artist, while a sculptor bewailed the fact that the "artist" hadn't, at least, put the poor unfortunate disciple of Mars in a rain coat.

IT would have been better had this small town erected a smaller monument or something less gaudy and foolish that would have given the effect of the beautiful—an inspiration to emulate the deeds of all Union soldiers! It was manifestly beyond the means of this community to have so pretentious a memorial had it been conceived and executed correctly. Would it not have been better to have erected a flag staff with a dignified memorial base, or a tablet for out of doors or for the wall of a church, a gateway to a park, or a stained glass window?

The Commission of Fine Arts, the American Federation of Art, The National Sculpture Society, the Municipal Art Society of New York and kindred organizations are advising small communities with small means to consider such memorials and to have them in good taste, rather than the heavy, unimaginative marble tombstone variety.

Most members of these societies feel that the flux of bad monuments which followed the Civil War will not be repeated now and that one reason will be the doughboy himself. Unlike the general or colonel who fought at Gettysburg the doughboy has seen good art. The chances are that a man who has had his rest leave at Aix les Bains or in Paris or in some other picturesque French town will be struck by the difference between its aspect and that of Bald Knob, Arkansas or Rays Crossing, Indiana.

And this brings up another question—that of site, which must be most carefully considered in the erection of certain types of memorials. The Soldiers and Sailors monument in New York is an example. Originally, it was planned to place that monument in an enclosed plaza. Consequently, the first design for it was a slender shaft upon a pedestal and platform. When, instead of this place, other sites were considered, the form was changed to suit them in turn.

WILL not the returned soldiers realize that the old town square must be cleaned up, its approaches repaired, its houses painted and the whole place generally spruced up to afford a decent frame in which to picture the monument to be dedicated to their comrades who have fallen? If they cannot do or have this done, then the monument should take some form other than an equestrienne statue, figure or group, fountain or pylon.

The Municipal Art Society of New York in a special bulletin offers the following suggestions for suitable war memorials: Arch, bridge, beacon, clock tower, colonnade, community house, embarkade, exedra, gateway, library, monumental electrolier, museum or hall, open air theater, roster column, rostrum, equestrienne statue, figure or group, fountain, pylon, cliff sculpture, doors, flag pole and base, avenue grotto, park; arrangement of

war trophies, mosaic or mural paintings; stained glass window; tablet with relief figures, rolls of honor or inscriptions.

"Of this list fifteen are primarily architectural constructions, but all require sculpture in varying degrees for their completion," the bulletin says, "Four are of sculpture requiring archi-



A memorial to Confederate soldiers

tectural setting; three of pure sculpture; three of landscape architecture, making also a place for architecture and sculpture; the remainder, adaptations of various arts.

"Many of these are naturally to be used in combination with each other. \* \* \* Whatever the form, it should be a lasting memorial. Large gates have to be built of iron, but iron requires constant attention and painting

every few years. Other than these no metal other than bronze should be used for work exposed to the weather—no plated metal anywhere. Stone balustrades dignify, where iron railings cheapen a monument. Artificial stones and cement compositions, detestable when substituted for natural stone, will surely betray our mean judgment and parsimony in time, even during our own generation. Of natural stones, only the most durable should be used for monuments; only complete fire-proof construction for buildings. Local stone, if good, has advantages of economy and sentiment. The lettering of all inscriptions should be carefully studied and should be legible. A bold Roman type, or the Italian lettering of the sixteenth century based on it, is the type most suitable."

THIS society cites as good art the Sherman monument at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park facing the Plaza Hotel; the Soldiers' Memorial at Pittsburgh, Pa., which is-a large building for civic and patriotic gatherings; the liberty flagpole at Arlington, Mass., the Soldiers and Sailors Monument in Riverside Drive, New York; the memorial fountain and base to Frank D. Millet, artist, and Archibald Butt, soldier, in Washington, D. C.; the Shaw monument on Boston Common; the Lincoln Memorial, Lincoln Park, Chicago; the Soldiers' Monument in Albany, N. Y.; the Valley Forge Arch, Valley Forge, Pa.; the Washington Arch, Washington Square, New York; the memorial doors in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, the mosaic stained glass windows in various buildings in Columbia and Harvard Universities; while the National Sculpture Society from its excellent collection of the best European and American war monuments submits examples including the Maryland Union Soldiers and Sailors monument in Druid Hill Park, Balti-(Continued on Page 25)

#### These are Considered Poor Types of Memorials









August 8, 1919

# The End of the "Stars and Stripes"

An Appreciation of a Great Newspaper that Died with the A. E. F.

THE Stars and Stripes, official newspaper of the A. E. F., is a memory. There never was a paper like it before. There never will be a paper like it again. It was created to fill a definite need among the men of the A. E. F. It rose to greatness as the A. E. F. rose. It passed when the A. E. F. passed, which was fit and proper, since it was the A. E. F. newspaper.

"The American Expeditionary Force has made three unique contributions to the art of war," said Secretary Baker, speaking last May to the staff of the *Stars and Stripes*, at its office of publication, 32 Rue Taitbout, Paris.

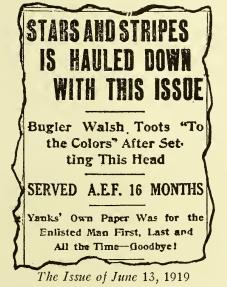
One of these unique contributions, as Mr. Baker had chosen them, was the *Stars and Stripes* itself—a newspaper of, by and for the men who wore the khaki. The other two were the American soldiers' university at Beaunne, France, and the great plan of entertainment to which, under army supervision, the various welfare organizations contributed.

Of the three, the soldiers' newspaper was the first in the field, the others developing after the signing of the armistice. The Stars and Stripes' first issue appeared February 8, 1918. For sixteen months it was as much a part of the American army in France—and later, in Germany—as slum or "squads right." At the height of its circulation more than 500,000 copies were being circulated each week. The highest number ever printed was 526,000. In June, 1919, when the paper was discontinued, it was still necessary to print something like 185,000 copies. And a few days later after the last issue was out it was apparent that many thousands more could have been disposed of, for everybody wanted a copy both for a souvenir and for an historical record. Proud is the doughboy who can say that he sent the Stars and Stripes home every week, that his folks received and kept every copy, and that hence the family archives contain a complete file of "the official newspaper of the A. E. F.," which were the words printed each week to the left of the heading. To the right appeared the words "by and for the soldiers of the A. E. F.

THE Stars and Stripes was no less unique as a contribution to the art of journalism than to the art of war. Never before had such a newspaper rolled from a press. Never again will such a newspaper go flooding

By REX LAMPMAN

through the mails. Perhaps never again will a newspaper have such a circulation in a country whose native population is unable to read it. Such



another staff of newspaper workers will never be gathered together again

for the business of producing and dis-

tributing printed pages.

The Stars and Stripes was born of the need of the A. E. F. In an editorial in its first issue it proclaimed itself "up at the top of the mast for the duration of the war." Its last issue came from the press just a few days before the date set for signing the treaty of peace. The signing was delayed a week or more, but there will scarcely be any question but that the soldiers' newspaper, like the soldiers themselves, fulfilled the duration-ofwar contract.

As an expression of America-at-war the *Stars and Stripes* was about everything that William Hohenzollern, now visiting in Holland for his health, could not have desired. If the paper found its way across, as it surely did, into the hands of the German intelligence officers—if that's what they could be called—it must have given them something to ponder about. How could they have reported anything favorable to the ears of the German high command after having perused this defiant and determined manifestation of doughboy psychology?

"Mein Gott, what an army!" some worried Herr Lieutenant might have exclaimed, after he had scanned the sheet a while, trying to discover any mite of comfort for the kaiser.

Here was any army, he could have deduced, which, lacking a newspaper and recognizing the value of newspapers as a factor in morale, had created just what it needed and wanted in the way of a newspaper. Here was a newspaper which each week told two million men the things they wanted to know about each other and the big business in which they were all engaged. Here was a newspaper that reflected, not the wishes of a high command or a general staff, but the wishes of the soldier himself. Here was what the soldier wanted in the way of news and humor, including cartoons depicting his affairs with the top sergeant and his experiences with cooties, K. P. and the like. The serious purpose was never neglected, but if something funny happened to a doughboy at Brest or Bordeaux, a doughboy correspondent would send it to the Stars and Stripes and the next week the doughboys getting ready to go in at Chateau-Thierry, or clearing up machine gun nests in the Argonne, or holding the fort at Ehrenbreitstein, would be laughing about it.

I T was the doughboy's paper, first, last and all the time. G. H. Q. kept a paternal eye on the *Stars and Stripes*, but it was recognized from the first that this was the soldier's own largest contribution to his own morale, and editorial and news columns went free and unfettered, governed by its staff's own notion as to what should or should not be printed.

At one time, indeed, when someone raised the question as to whether the paper was going to be run for the enlisted man or not, a memorandum came from G. H. Q. through proper military channels which said in substance:

"The style and policy of the *Stars* and *Stripes* are not to be interfered with."

"Why," said James J. Montague, a New York newspaper man who was a correspondent in France, "the *Stars and Stripes* would print stuff right along that I wouldn't have dared try to put on the cable. It had a different idea of news altogether than the censor, and it seemed to follow its own idea without let or hindrance."

In May, 1919, General Pershing called on the staff of the *Stars and Stripes* in Paris, and thanked them for their contribution to the success of American arms in the great war,

(Continued on Page 28)

# Sport—Edited by Walter Trumbull

(Continued from Page 15)

season, are of the same school as Loftus and both are always near the head of the list.

Now and again a boy rises to the heights Ensor did in winning the Suburban with Corn Tassel. Ensor, then an apprentice under the tutelage of Shannon, sprang into prominence last season and, like Lawrence Lyke, can ride with the best when he is in the mood.

Rice, another of the younger crop, has shown marked ability this season and is one of the few boys that has a really good seat.

## GOLF By Innis Brown

After a lapse of two years owing to war conditions, the renewal of the annual National Amateur Golf Championship Tournament is looming large in the very near future. Down at the Oakmont Country Club, Pittsburgh, W. C. Towns, Eben Byers and other prominent Smoky City golfers are leaving nothing whatever undone to make ready for what promises to be the greatest golfing event ever staged in America.

With the recent announcement that under conditions of the tournament more than four hundred golfers are eligible for competition, it is anticipated that a record field will be present. While the tournament proper does not start until Monday, August 18, such a large entry list is expected that the weeding-out process will really begin on Saturday, August 16. The entire field will try out over eighteen holes that day, and the best sixty-four will be declared eligible for starting on Monday.

All of the old favorites are expected to be there. The list includes Charles "Chick" Evans, present title holder; Francis Ouimet, Jerry Travers, Robert Gardner, E. M. Byers, William C. Fownes, all former title holders; Oswald Kirby, Metropolitan champion; Max Marston, New Jersey champion; Ned Sawyer, former Western champion; Warren Wood, another Western title holder; James Standish, Jr., Nelson Whitney, Southern and Trans-Mississippi champion; Bobby Jones, Jack Cady, Western veteran, and numerous others who have been well known in golfing circles for several seasons past.

## BASEBALL By Walter Trumbull

In the light of recent events the word "war" as applied to baseball appears to be a little out of place but, for all that, there seems to be plenty of action in the major leagues this season. In the National League the race between the Giants and the Reds is so warm that the fans have got considerably worked up over it. One writer has adequately defined a Cincinnati spendthrift as a man who wastes all his pop bottles on one decision. Moran is a leader of rare force and ability and he has a mighty good team. Although Chicago has been improving, the Cubs do not appear to have a very good chance and New York and Cincinnati should argue it out together. The addition of Phil Douglas to their pitching staff adds a little to the chances of the Giants, but they will have to go at top speed to finish ahead of their rival.

In the American League the Detroit Tigers have shown a sudden ferocity of attack encouraging to their supporters. They, as well as Cleveland and New York, are in a position to threaten the superiority of the White Sox in spite of the early lead obtained by the latter.

#### Battle Sight

In the averages of a season There are only results detailed. There isn't even a footnote For the man who has tried and failed; Yet, it may be he struggled harder By far than some other guy Who, born with the greater talent, Could loaf and could still get by.

It seems unfair and we wonder
If in the greater game
The Scorer who keeps the records
Figures them quite the same;
If when the battle's ended,
If when life's fight is through,
A man doesn't get some credit
For the things that he tried to do.

When racing is run on the level it is the sport of kings. Otherwise it is the support of crooks.

Most golf clubs are now enlarging their cellars in order to have plenty of room for the nineteenth hole.





# BURSTS AND DUDS









Rus-"The government sure tries to make its men happy."

Gus-"Yes, my last underwear tickled me to death."—Oteen.

A colored aspirant for a commission was being examined.

"And supposing you were in command of a regiment in the field of battle and, in some manner, your men should be scattered over a territory of several miles. How would you collect them?"

"Well, suh," answered the prospective, as he scratched his head, "I think I would take out a paih ob dice and hollah: "Whose dollar bill?' "-Ontario Post.

Chief Cook: Where is the second class cook?

Cook to Chief: He worked all day last night, yesterday and he won't be out to-day.—Convoy.

"I'm glad I'm not a Hindu soldier," remarked the private who was always late to formations.

"Why?" asked the sergeant who was always calling him down.

"It's bad enough," responded the chronically tardy one, "to get my legs dressed in time for reveille, let alone wrapping an extra spiral leggin' around my head."—The Spiker, A. E. F.

A shell had just burst in the middle of a foursome of pinochle one day in the trenches. When the dust cleared, one man, the high bidder, had been killed. The other three regarded him sadly, and then one leaned over and took the cards from the dead man's hand.

"Ah weel," he said, "He would na hae made it anyhow.'

A colored soldier whose hand had been blown off was admitted to a base hospital.

"Nurse," he said, "kin Ah go back to de front tomorrow?"

"Certainly not," said the nurse. "You have lost a hand."

"Dat's why Ah wants to go back, nurse. Ah left mah razor in dat hand."

Officer (to Pvt. Hanson hunting for "cooties" in his clothes):

"Picking out the big ones, my man?"

Pvt. Hanson: "No, sir, just taking them as they come."—Ontario Post.

A French soldier who came proudly up to an American in a certain headquarters town the other day asked:

"You spik French?"

"Nope," answered the American, "not yet."

The Frenchman smiled complacently. "Aye spik Engleesh," he said, looking about for some means to show his prowess in the foreign tongue. At that moment a French girl, very neat and trim, came along. The Frenchman jerked his head toward her, looked knowingly at the American and said triumphantly: "Chicken!"

"Shake!" said the Yankee, extending his hand. "You don't speak English; you speak American."—Ontario

Post.

A colored veteran just back from the other side when questioned about an iron cross he was wearing explained:

"Boss, it was a extra decoration. De Kaiser hisself sent it to me by a special messenger what dropped daid jus' befo' he give it to me."-New York Globe.

A negro rookie was on sentry duty when an officer approached, and the negro challenged him in a languid tone.

"That's no way to challenge," said the officer. "Sing out when you halt a man!" Put some music into your voice! Now, I'll approach again, and see how you do it."

When the officer got within thirty feet, the negro, keeping time with his feet, sang out: "Boom, tiddy-boomboom! Halt! Who's there? How's dat fur music, boss?"

"Sergeant," said the C. O., "I was looking last evening for some records concerning the religious services held every Sunday morning, but could not find them in the files. Where are

"They are filed under 'H,' " answered the sergeant in charge of the files.

"Why under 'H'?"

"Because they begin at half past nine, sir."—Judge.

Flossie, to her returned hero-"Don't wear all your medals, Henry, everybody will look at them instead of at my new hat."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



A curious odor around, a porters' house in Brest caused the commanding officer to order an investigation, which was accordingly made by one of the negro porters. His report follows:

"Subject: Porters' House Sanytare Conditions.

Mr. H. T. Bird,

Asst. Supt.

Dear sir:

Regarding to you and Mr. Highberger's inspection of smell at porters' house will state that close investigation of surrounding neighborhood showed me that somebody was dead and as I crawled under the basement of the building a dead cat was located which could not get out and he was with a live cat not yet deceased but would shortly be if he had not left there. Cat was took out by me and was all dead. He was by the steam pipe which was hot but he died anyhow.

Yours respectfully,'

"How was it you never let your mother know you'd won the V. C.?"

"It wasna ma turn tae write."-Punch.

Joe Elverson, the efficient top kick of Headquarters Troop, stopped us the other day and said, "What's all this I hear about your paper saying top sergeants are no good and ought to be sent home?"

"It's a base libel," we said. "There's nothing to it at all." We then went on to explain how the policy of this paper has always been one of reserved friendship toward all top kickers.

Absolutely. We never said they ought to be sent home. We think they ought to be kept over here until the

last road is mended, the last mule salvaged, the last street policed up in Far be it France. from us to suggest that the country lose the services of



such valuable men.—Lorraine Cross (79th Division),

### BULLETIN



### BOARD

Two thousand medals are to be distributed by Dr. George J. Fisher, head of the physical education bureau of the "Y" to soldier athletes who won the finals in the divisional matches in France during the spring. The chief athletic officer of the A. E. F. authorized the distribution.

Two ocean liners each 1,000 feet long, to burn oil, be manned by a crew of 1,000 and cross the Atlantic in four days, are to be built by the United States Shipping Board. The *Leviathan*, now the largest ship afloat, is 950 feet long.

The Eighth Infantry with auxiliary troops in a brigade organization will soon be the only American soldiers along the Rhine.

The influenza epidemic in the United States last year having caused a half-million deaths and a total economic loss of four billion dollars, Senator Warren G. Harding and Representative Simeon D. Fess, both of Ohio, have introduced measures in the Senate and House calling for the expenditure of \$1,500,000 to wage a war on this plague.

Citizens of Italian extraction in New York have applied for a charter for a post in the American Legion to be named after former Mayor Mitchel, who fell to his death in an airplane while in the service.

The only civilian in the navy to win recommendation for promotion to the rank of commander in the reserve is Prof. Charles E. Lucke, of Columbia University. Post-graduates from Annapolis have been trained in naval engineering at that university for some time past. Professor Lucke also conducted a gas engine school to train submarine chaser crews.

France has offered to take over all American military property in France and pay for it one-fifth of what it cost America. This includes 50,000 trucks and 10,000 passenger automobiles. Much of the property is regarded as of little value in peace time.

President Wilson has explained the presence of American troops in Siberia as necessary to protect and keep open the Siberian railroad and give food relief to the Russian people.

Every state in the Union has a portion of the swamp and wet lands that for the entire country have an aggregate area of 102,800,000 acres—larger than Iowa, Illinois and Indiana combined, and three-fourths as large as France. Specialists who have made a survey for the Government, as a re-



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These men expect to stay in the United States for some time. They are (left) Alfred Scholz and (right) Alwin Grothe, the German soldiers who gave General Pershing valuable information about German offensive plans last September. They arrived in this country under guard and are not at all anxious to return to the Fatherland.

sult of suggestions that swamp and cut-over lands be made available for soldiers, believe that large areas, if properly drained and cleared by public or private co-operation, could be transformed into productive farms.

An attempt to save a soldier from Crowning at Fort Sill, Okla., cost the life of Lt.-Col. Harold H. Bateman, a veteran of the Second Marne, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. His wife and sister witnessed his death.

The French expect to have all their reserves demobilized by October. Before the war France had a standing army of 800,000. A semi-official Paris paper says that France ought now be able to get along with 400,000 troops during the winter and 600,000 in the summer.

Sight-seeing trips through Paris are made by 30,535 American officers and men in the average week.

A bill now before Congress, if passed, will make it unlawful to wear any official decoration, medal, buttons, etc., awarded by the War Department except when authorized. Manufacturers who sell duplicates of official decorations to persons unauthorized to wear them will render the purchasers liable to fine and imprisonment.

There were 8,400 women in the Navy as yeomen (F) of whom 2,200 were in Washington. At a recent hearing before the House Committee on Naval Affairs the reason women were enlisted in the Navy was brought up. It was because an appropriation bill failed to carry a provision allowing clerk hire. Representative Butler, Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, opposed retaining these women as clerks in the Navy and has ordered a memorandum prepared on which he might base legislation for the employment in civil capacity in connection with the Navy of 8,000 men to do the work of stenographers, typists, filing clerks, etc., at a yearly salary of \$1,272.00 each, the average paid to yeomen (F). Mr. Butler stated that preference for these positions should be given to honorably discharged soldiers and sailors.

All officers and enlisted men arriving at Boston and Charleston will be sent to Camp Devens and Jackson, respectively. Officers and enlisted men sick and unable to travel will be sent to General Hospital No. 10 when they land at Boston, or the Naval Hospital at Charleston if they land there.

The wearing of service chevrons on civilian clothing is not only discouraged but strictly forbidden. The National Defense Act of 1916 prohibits the wearing of any distinctive part of the uniform by civilians. Since the wound or service chevron is a distinctive part of the uniform, its wearing on civilian clothing is unlawful.

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#### RETURNING SOLDIERS

Get in touch with your local post. If there is no local post, write to your state chairman. Join

The American Legion.

You helped give the Hun all that was coming to him. Have you got everything that is coming to you? Have you had any trouble with your War Risk Allotment or Allowance, Quartermaster or Navy

Allotment, Compensation, Insurance, Liberty Bonds, Bonus, Travel Pay, Back Pay?

The American Legion is ready to help straighten out your accounts. Write or tell your troubles to your State War Risk Officer of The American Legion. Write in care of your State Secretary.

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rado Springs; Secretary, Morton M. David, 401 Empire Bldg., Denver.

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Seattle.
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Secretary, R. H. Nichols, Casper.

## LETTERS FROM READERS

DREAD SIGHTSEERS' MAD RUSH To the Editor,

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY: Somehow, those of us who have seen a bit of the lonesome waste that stretches east and north of brave Verdun; who have climbed with heavy hobs to the summit of "Le Mort Homme" (Dead Man's Hill), who, marching, have halted and "fallen out' to rest weary feet and backs among the tiny crosses that are strewn along the roadside which borders the Meuse -somehow, those of us who have been Brooklyn, N. Y. sickened by the horrible sights of war feel strong repulsion toward those hordes of American sightseers, who, with a guide book in one hand and a gold coin in the other, will be flocking now to break the quiet of that sacristy of civilization-sacred to thousands of little mothers in America who cannot afford the trip to the unpainted wooden crosses that means so much to them. Chicago.

AN A. E. F. PRIVATE.

To the Editor,

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY: North Dakota has passed a compensation act which gives to each soldier, sailor and marine who went to the war from that State \$25 for each month served, provided the money is invested in a farm, home or education, and Representative Baer of that State has introduced a bill in Congress to bonus each service man with a year's

It seems to me this is giving some of the "profiteering" to those who weren't here to profit by the war. WALTER LITTLE. Minneapolis.

#### SOLDIER'S MOTHER GETS DELAYED PAY

To the Editor,

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY: Applications for charters have been received at state headquarters of the New Hampshire branch of The American Legion from nineteen towns and cities, and the work of organization is going on apace with meetings every

I wish to thank the war risk insurance department of the national headquarters of the Legion for its efforts in obtaining a payment by the War Department of \$120 to Mrs. Marguerite Regan of this city. This soldier mother had not received any of an allotment due her until the Legion acted.

WALTER J. HOGAN, Manchester, N. H. State Secretary. Harrisburg, Pa.

WANTS LUMP INSURANCE

To the Editor,

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY: I am keeping up my war risk insurance, but I am waiting also to see what the Government is going to do about paying the beneficiary in one lump sum. Doubtless there are many service men who would rather the beneficiary receive \$5.75 per month for each \$1,000 of the policy, but I am not one of them.

EMIL WOLDAR.

This is a department to which readers are invited to offer opinions, suggestions and information on topics of public interest. They are also invited to express their opinion of the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY itself. If it isn't satisfactory say so - and offer some constructive criticism. Only by knowing the desires of its readers can the weekly fulfill its mission of representing them. Only signed communications will be considered, but the name will be omitted on request. Brevity is essential.

#### EDITOR APPROVES LEGION

To the Editor,

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY: The following is from editorial in *The Harrisburg Telegraph* and is forwarded in the belief it will prove of interest to you:

"Harrisburg and all of Central Pennsylvania will have a prominent place in the new patriotic organization—the

American Legion.

The Legion will stand not only for the rights of the men in all branches of the service, but will urge Congress from time to time to take such action as may be necessary to safeguard American institutions. Those aliens who refused to join the colors at the outbreak of the war and pleaded their citizenship in other countries to escape the draft will be deported to their own countries if this virile organization of fighting men has its way.

An organization of such men, consecrated and sanctified in their comradeship by devotion of mutual helpfulness, cannot be otherwise than a great asset to the Nation.'

HAS ENOUGH OF KULTUR

To the Editor,

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY: Henry Rubens, the Chicago lawyer, at a meeting of Germans in the Liederkranz Hall, asserted that all men and women of German descent should do all in their power to bring "the German kultur, spirit and education to the American people and to the people of the world."

Some of the consequences of "the German spirit, kultur and education" we see every hour in the maimed soldiers making their way, as best they can, about our streets. Others we see in the casualty lists.

L. C. Evans.

New York.

#### LEGION RECOGNIZED BY LEGISLATURE

To the Editor,

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY: The Illinois Legislature has passed a joint resolution endorsing The American Legion. From this I quote the following extract:

"Whereas, These our honored soldiers, numbering more than 350,000 from Illinois, are now being demobilized and returned to civilian life; and

"Whereas, These men are now engaged with other millions of their comrades in arms from the other states of the union in forming at this time the patriotic and permanent veterans' organization, known as The American Legion; and

"Whereas, We recognize that the proposed Illinois chapter of the Legion will yield a great and good influence for economic, social, political and patriotic advancement within our Commonwealth; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the General Assembly of Illinois hereby declares and registers its approval of this patriotic movement, and that it extends to our soldier citizenship its endorsement, and that it hereby gives assurance of moral support in this undertaking which already has taken concrete form in Illinois and elsewhere."

The resolution was unanimously adopted. This shows the esteem in which the Legion is held by our lawmakers. The American Unity Post is forming. Charter members are still being received now. Comrades are asked to unite with us at this time.

EDWARD MAHER, Chairman, E. J. STOCKPOLE. 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

# The Spy Hunters

(Continued from Page 6)

It was generally understood that the Germans were sending out information via South America, and what could be more simple than to have a code made up of the punctures in a piano roll? The young investigator had taken the roll to a nearby club, played it on the player piano and the result was a "jumble of sounds," according to his official report. A special messenger took the roll to Washington where it was examined by experts. One of the latter was a great lover of music and had been employed in the actual making of the best and most expensive piano rolls. According to the story, he fitted the suspect roll into his player piano and with a radiant expression played it entirely through.

"How stupid are some people," he said when he had finished. "This is one of the loveliest of all the new

Russian symphonies."

VERY intrepid young Hollander with a Raemaker hatred of all things German brought to the United States some very valuable information out of Germany. Believing that he was known to the German Intelligence Service and that another trip within the German Empire would be fatal to him and of no use to this country or the Allies, he was assigned to work in New York City. Great things were expected of him, and when, one morning, he announced that he had discovered "the master German spy" in the United States, or words to that effect, no one was in the least sur-

prised. He was told to "go to it" and he did. The suspect lived in a large hotel. The Hollander took the room next to him and a dictagraph was installed. A system of shadowing followed and the Hollander was allowed three men to help him. He was leading the German on, he said to those in his confidence, and because of his recent trip into the Central Empires he could drop a remark here and another there well calculated to deceive the most adroit German not in recent contact with his home service. So careful was he that he instructed his own helpers to talk German and to make certain remarks which would tend to strengthen the suspect's conviction that the Hollander was a German agent, in the event anything was overheard. This "leading" occupied a considerable length of time and was very costly, because the suspect also was spending money.

Then came the night for the

denouement.

During the afternoon the Hollander asked that more help should be sent to

him because the suspect had himself received reinforcements. "We must get the whole band of them," he urged. It so happened that another big case was pending and an insufficient number of men was on hand to do both jobs. Consequently, the help of another intelligence service was asked. That branch also had a big case on hand and couldn't lend any men. Finally, the police department gave the necessary help.

A FTER dinner that evening, the suspect's room was surrounded with policemen in plain clothes. The job appeared to promise great excitement and probably a free-for-all fight, for some of the suspect's friends seemed to be scattered all through the corridors, and one of them even was found on the fire-escape when a policeman went to take that station himself.

Finally all was ready.

The Hollander went to the suspect's door and knocked on it.

The suspect opened it and to the utter amazement of everybody said:

"In the name of the United States Government, I place you under arrest, charged with the violation of the espionage laws of this country."

Two cats had disguised themselves as mice and had been watching each other for days! The suspect was none other than the best spy chaser in the employ of another intelligence service!

During the next war the intelligence work should be consolidated so that there would be no cross purpose work. Everybody connected with this particular case was agreed on that. But the most disappointed were the two "master spies" and "master detectives!"

Getting back to spy maniacs.

A high piping feminine voiced called on the telephone and wanted an operative at once. Spy maniac, everybody said; first because she wanted an "operative" which is best Scotland Yard for detective or agent and secondly, she knew the telephone number. No end of ingenuity on the part of the telephone company could keep the phone number private. Finally, it was put in the telephone book.

A N "operative" was sent, because, as previously mentioned, sometimes the S.M. flushed a good one and no chances could be taken.

"The woman in the apartment next to me is very suspicious," the woman said when the agent called. "The most suspicious part about it is that she apparently isn't German and doesn't speak with an accent."

"What is suspicious?" the agent asked.

"She constantly sings 'The Watch on the Rhine,'" the old lady answered. "She sang it the day the *Lusitania* was sunk. She sang it the day we went into war. Everytime the Germans advance and sometimes when they don't she sings it. I've listened to her and watched her for a long time."

The investigator went next door. It was opened by a middle-aged woman, who appeared most Anglo-Saxon and who spoke with a soft Southern accent.

"I'm from Savannah, Georgia," she said. In reply to other questions, she said, absolutely astounded: "The Watch on the Rhine? Every time there's a German victory, I sing it? Why I don't even know it."

"Yes, you do," shouted the informant, who was standing in the hall of her apartment with the door open. "Yes, you do, you sing it this way—" and here she hummed "Lieb Vaterland."

"I do sing that," said the Southern woman looking shame-faced and thoughtful, "I sing it every time I think of those cursed Germans, but I thought it was the 'Marseillaise.'"

#### WAR MEMORIALS

(Continued from Page 18)

more, Md., the West Point Battle monument and the Liberty Flagpole base at Columbia University.

There are any number of types of "bad art" available as specimens. A large number of the battle monuments on Lookout Mountain, in Chickamauga Park and some at Gettysburg are classed in this category by leading artists and art societies. These are mostly of the tombstone type with the cannon balls surrounding a military figure standing at "present arms" or at ease. In some instances these figures are not even natural or military. Several have been portrayed so leaning that both arms cover the muzzle of the rifle; a position in which no sensible soldier would ever stand, especially if the weapon be loaded. Another of these Civil War monuments which was designated as an example of "bad art" is composed of an unusually large tombstone. This forms the base. On top of it is perched a very small eagle which has in its talons a curious contortion of masonry evidently intended to represent the flag of the United States. Not only is the entire monument out of proportion, but the workmanship is poor and the general effect is that of a vulture tearing a rag.

Is the cause for which so many lately have died worth recording? If so, it is worth recording well. They gave themselves with beautiful spirit. Let the record of it be beautiful in art!





BACK IN AMERICA (Continued from Page 13) and more chance to go up in other places.

TUESDAY I thinks the same way, and Wednesday, them being the first days I had the job without the other forman with me. I liked it some better them days, but not much. I was left alone and could give orders again like a top kick, which was all right. But I kept feeling pretty sore on the job all week, but kept at it, not knowing what else to do right away.

Last night I come home from the shop with Hal Robb, who was a Lieut. in the 32d Div. He is a foreman in the assembling room and a good scout for all he is a lieut. I says to him I was looking for another job, and he laughs fit to bust and slaps me in the neck.

"What's the big I," I asks him getting sore. "Maybe you don't think I can get another job?"

"No, Walt," he says, "it ain't that, only you're just running true to form. By which I means that you're doing just what the gang of us has done when we get back. I ain't going to preach at you, Walt, because I couldn't drive it through your fat head if I did. Only when I first got back on the job I thought I never would stay more than a few days. It was no bon, I thought. I thought I would look for another job, Walt, only I never got around to it, and now I guess I'll stick where I am."

"Maybe that way with you," I says, "but I'm different. I'm serious and no joke. I ain't going to stick."

no joke. I ain't going to stick."

And I leaves him grinning like a idiot. Hal is all right, only sometimes he don't know where he gets off.

LET'S not talk about it any more. It's bum dope. When you get back, Joe, you and me are going to give the once over to some of these fancy hunches about putting a raisin in cider and producing the old shamp. From what I hear about the number of folks which is planning to use raisins on a large scale it seems like the raisin business is bound to be a real live one.

Things is real quiet around here now, nobody dying or getting married or even murdering. The only thing making any kind of a stir was something in the same line I was just mentioning, liquor, Jack Sanders being in a row over his. Seems he had put enough away in his cellar to hold him up till 1921, but one day the gas man came to read the gas meter while Jack was away and he found the liquor and they wasn't no gass read that day, you bet Joe. When Jack came home and saw the cellar door open he got suspicious quick, 'count of the liquor

being so close to his heart, and he runs down. The gass agent is lying on his back in a corner under the meter with his head against the wall so as he can hardly breath, his chin being jammed into his chest. He must of done his best to read the meter before the dope got to him, and he passed. He was still hanging on to a slip of paper where he had been trying to write down how much gas had been used, and it was all scrawled with figures that would of made Jack's gas bill look like the Panama Canal tolls. Jack is taking it hard, saying the gas man drank all his October and December drinks for next year so as what's left won't only last till October 1920. He is saving the gas man's paper and says he won't pay no gas bills till he has made up the cost of what the gas man drank, but the gas Co. says they can't help what their agent does and anyway it was the man not the CO. that did the drinking. Which I guess if it had been the Co. they wouldn't have been nothing left at all in the cellar. Seems a shame to waste good booze on a gas man's party all by himself in a cellar, gas men being useless critters anyhow.

S O you see this village is returning to pretty near natural, Joe. The jail is only got one man in it, which is a tramp from the next town and not really ours, and both policemen is off on a fishing trip. We are looking for more life when you hit town.

Now it is good-by Joe, au revoir as they spell it and aw revore as they say it which is like all French talk, nutty. Give the gang my best and tell them out of the trenches by Christmas is what we are rooting for them and it don't look like much more chance for it to come true this time than last time that saying was pulled. Be good and don't manacure yourself with your bayonet, it is bad for the steel.

WALT.

Flowers that have never been seen before are said to be growing in the trenches of France now. It is the belief of botanists that they spring from seeds which have been buried for many years but which have been brought to the surface by the explosions of shells.

A bitter blow awaited five thousand soldiers who came in from France on the *Mobile* the other day. A little Filipino mess boy got small-pox on the boat and then the whole 5,000 had to be "shot" again, just when they thought they were through forever with the medical officer. "I see that the Goddess of Liberty has had a shot, too, "remarked one with a boil on his left. "That's why she can't hold but one hand up in the air."

#### BRINGING LEGION IDEALS TO EARTH

(Continued from Page 7)

ment in which we, as American citizens, are interested.

Consider the plight of Russia where United States troops are patrolling the Siberian railroad tracks because there is no Russian government today

worthy of the name.

The Colonel of a National Army regiment, now demobilized, who had been on duty as military attaché in St. Petersburg before the war changed that city's name to Petrograd, desired to purchase several Russian marches for his regimental band. Accordingly he sent a note to a friend of his in the Russian capital, asking him to step across the Moika to a certain shop on the Nevsky Prospect where he thought the music might be purchased. A few days after the request was forwarded, the Colonel found in the pictorial section of a Sunday newspaper a picture of the Nevsky Prospect with crumpled bodies lying gruesomely on its pavements. Street fighting was going on in Petrograd; the various Red factions of the Bolsheviki were turning machine guns against one another and such a harmless transaction as the purchase of a piece of Russian music was impossible. There was no law or order in Russia.

To foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism.

The American Legion demands of its members that they be heart and soul for America. It goes further. It asks the "fifty-fifty" counterfeit Americans, many of whom requested and received exemption from national service on the ground that they were not American citizens, to take steps immediately to decide whether they desire to apply for citizenship. It believes that alien enemies of America who were dangerous because of their disloyalty during the war should be deported, now that peace is here, to whatever countries they prefer to the United States.

To foster a one hundred per cent. Americanism means more than to stand as an organization of American veterans, for the doctrine that America is for Americans only. In this word "foster" there is the idea of nourishing Americansim in whatever part of the country conditions show that patriotic nourishment is needed and there is also the idea of cherishing Americanism with the fondness which a mother feels towards her child. Through its state branches and thousands of local posts, The American Legion will undertake a three-fold program to foster and perpetuate that new Americanism which reached its highest development through our participation in the recent



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war: first, to make all Americans take their Americanism more seriously; second, to force those who are not Americans either to try to qualify to be citizens or to leave this country; and, thirdly, to assist in every possible way by schools of instruction in Americanism, conducted with the man to man personal touch, those persons in any community who desire to become good Americans.

To preserve the memories and incidents of our associations in the Great War.

Through the Legion with its local post meetings and entertainments and its state conventions, the former enlisted men and officers who became acquainted perhaps at training camp, on a submarine chaser, in the field hospital stretched out on litters for improvised beds, in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance or any other of the various administrative units of the United States war machine, or as close pals, "buddies" afield and afloat, or flying partners in the air service—as civilians all they will keep in touch. Neither by post-mortems on which branch of the service won the war nor by personal monologues on the individual share of any man in the service will be the memories and incidents of those splendid war associations be preserved in The American Legion.

Several posts in New York State have adopted the custom of opening their meetings with a moment's silent prayer in memory of their comrades who "went west" in France. This tribute to the gallant dead is followed, frequently, by the reading of testimonials concerning the service of other men in that neighborhood who made the supreme sacrifice. Thus a local post of The Legion may help preserve the memories which lie closest to the heart of the community which it serves.

To inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation.

The framers of the constitution of The American Legion evidently chose the word "inculcate" with care, for it conveys a wealth of meaning associated with the main idea that the organization of veterans must teach and impress with repeated stress the doctrine that national service does not end for the American when he collects his sixty-dollar bonus, puts his gas mask and helmet on the topmost shelf in the clothes closet, and buckles down in civilian clothes to the civilian pursuits from which the Great War wrested him temporarily.





Three-fourths of the American dead in France will be brought back to this country, according to a statement made by General March in answer to a query from Senator Chamberlain.

#### THE RATS

Not theirs was the toil of sowing Gold grain in the pale Spring sun; Not theirs was the sultry reaping— Shall theirs be the harvest won?

They gnaw in the stealthy darkness,
With furtive red eyes aglare—
They foul all the earth-god's treasure—
Oh, land that we love, take care!

A house to endure forever,
White-shining beside the sea,
A hearth for the weary-hearted,
We builded to Liberty.

But hark! They are gnawing, gnawing, With poisonous fangs that sneer! Oh, land that we love, be watchful! Strike! Strike! For the rats are here! Luella Stewart in the New York Times.

#### THE END OF THE "STARS AND STRIPES"

(Continued from Page 19) and announced the early suspension of the paper—for the reason that it had fulfilled its mission and completed its work.

The commander-in-chief spoke very feelingly of the value of the paper—he sent citations, by the way, to several of its workers—and said that no one who had the good of the publication at heart could wish to see it continue beyond its time of usefulness.

tinue beyond its time of usefulness.
"We feel," he said, "that rather than have the *Stars and Stripes* continue until such a time as it might become a reproach, that it is better to chop it off, so to speak, in the height of its strength."

A ND so, with Volume 2, No. 19, June 13, 1919, a front-page headline announced, "Stars and Stripes Is Hauled Down With This Issue," and the story, repeating the metaphor, said that "the Stars and Stripes finds itself being reverently hauled down, to be as reverently laid away."

The editorial and business staffs of the paper, including field agents, distributors and correspondents—141 men in all, with two officers—arrived at New York on the U. S. S. Pretoria, in July, and were sent to Camp Mills, Long Island, whence they were sent to camps in all parts of the country for discharge. They are now scattered all the way from Texas to North Dakota, from Massachusetts to Oregon.

The Stars and Stripes is a memory. It has gone with the A. E. F., for how could it survive without its army?

#### SCIENCE KILLS SOLDIER FRILLS

(Continued from Page 12)
upon for characteristic ideas. Often
the design arises from the nature of
service which the division is engaged
in; more often it is a curious whim
which pleases the men. In battle,
these divisional insignia were the only
organization marks left on the man;
all other markings which might furnish
information to the enemy were removed.

The jaunty overseas cap made its appearance because it could be worn under the steel helmet. The Army units which are now serving in the tropics, however, such as those in Panama and the Philippines, are agitating in favor of a straw hat that shall be lighter than the old felt hat, and shall also shade the back of the neck better.

The uniforms of the United States army and navy are protected by law. They cannot be reproduced exactly for use on the stage or for other purposes, nor reproduced for private livery. Discrimination against the uniform by managers of restaurants, theaters or other public places is punishable by law.

The Army Air Service is aiding the Department of Agriculture in forest patrol. The airplane is of great value on account of the extensive range of vision, about ninety-five miles for every 6,000 feet of altitude. Army planes have detected several fires. Reports are made by parachute message, radio or carrier pigeon.

Don Martin, war correspondent, whose work in covering the Argonne drive for his paper cost him his life, is one of two men for whom the New York American Legion will name Posts. The other is Quentin Roosevelt. New York newspaper men who fought in France will name one of the Posts after Martin.

The American Red Cross admitted to its twenty-two hospitals during the war 89,539 men. In the last nine months of 1918 the Red Cross delivered for American wounded nearly twenty-two million dressings.

Discharged service men who let their government insurance lapse are now given the privilege of reinstating their policies within eighteen months without payment of back premiums for intervening months. The only requirement is that the man requesting reinstatement must be in as good health as at the time of lapse. Every man who allows his policy to lapse is without protection until he applies for reinstatement.



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He may get lightness at the expense of safety or dragging weight at a heavy upkeep charge.

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# Men of the American Legion Are Eligible to Membership

Members of the American Legion are invited to join forces with the 10,000 officers and enlisted men of the permanent services who are now members of this Association. These ten thousand service men and their families have bound themselves together for the purpose of reducing their cost of living—and they are doing it.

This reduction in their expenditures is made a certainty through the medium of membership savings bank checks paid to them by the Association for every purchase they make from stores with whom affiliations have been formed. These savings range from 5% to 15%. There are at present 550 such firms. Among them being:

> NEW YORK, N. Y..... Franklin Simon & Co. Saks & Co. Arnold, Constable & Co. G. P. Putnam's Sons A. G. Spalding & Bros. (also all branches) ALBANY, N. Y....... Cotrell & Leonard Boston, Mass...... Shepard, Norwell & Co. C. F. Hovey & Co. DES MOINES, IOWA...The Utica DETROIT, MICH.....J. L. Hudson & Co. LOUISVILLE, KY...... Stewart Dry Goods Co. Crutcher & Starks, Ins.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. M. L. Rothschild & Co. NEWARK, N. J..... Hahne & Co. NEWPORT NEWS, VA. Meyer Bros. Petersburg, Va.....A. Rosenstock & Co. PITTSBURGH, PA... Joseph Horne Co.
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SAVANNAH, GA... Leopold Adler SEATTLE, WASH..... MacDougall & Southwick St. Louis, Mo..... Boyd's St. Paul, Minn.....The Golden Rule Department Store TACOMA, WASH..... Peoples' Store Co.

The above represents only a few of the Cities and Stores on our list.

New stores are being added constantly. Members are furnished directories, giving the name, kind of business and address of every store.

Many American Legion men who are also members of this Association have urged us to call the existence of this organization to the attention of the American Legion as a whole. Thus this announcement.

The method of obtaining membership savings is very simple. No red tape or identification at the store of purchase. Simply secure a cash slip or receipted bill when you buy. Write your name across the face of the voucher and send to the Association Office. Within a few hours a membership savings check will be on its way back to you.

A Life Membership is but \$5.00. This also entitles the member's dependents to the Association's privileges. There are absolutely no other dues or assessments.

Use the application printed below. It will save writing a letter. Fill it in and mail it—Now. A certificate of membership will go forward to you at once, and you can start right in SAVING MONEY.

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Enclosed herewith my check for \$5.00 for Life Membership in the Association of Army and Navy Stores, Inc., as per your announcement in the American Legion Weekly. Please send me list of stores where I can purchase at a membership saving, also Certificate of Membership.
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Former or Present Military Rank
Address

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